

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



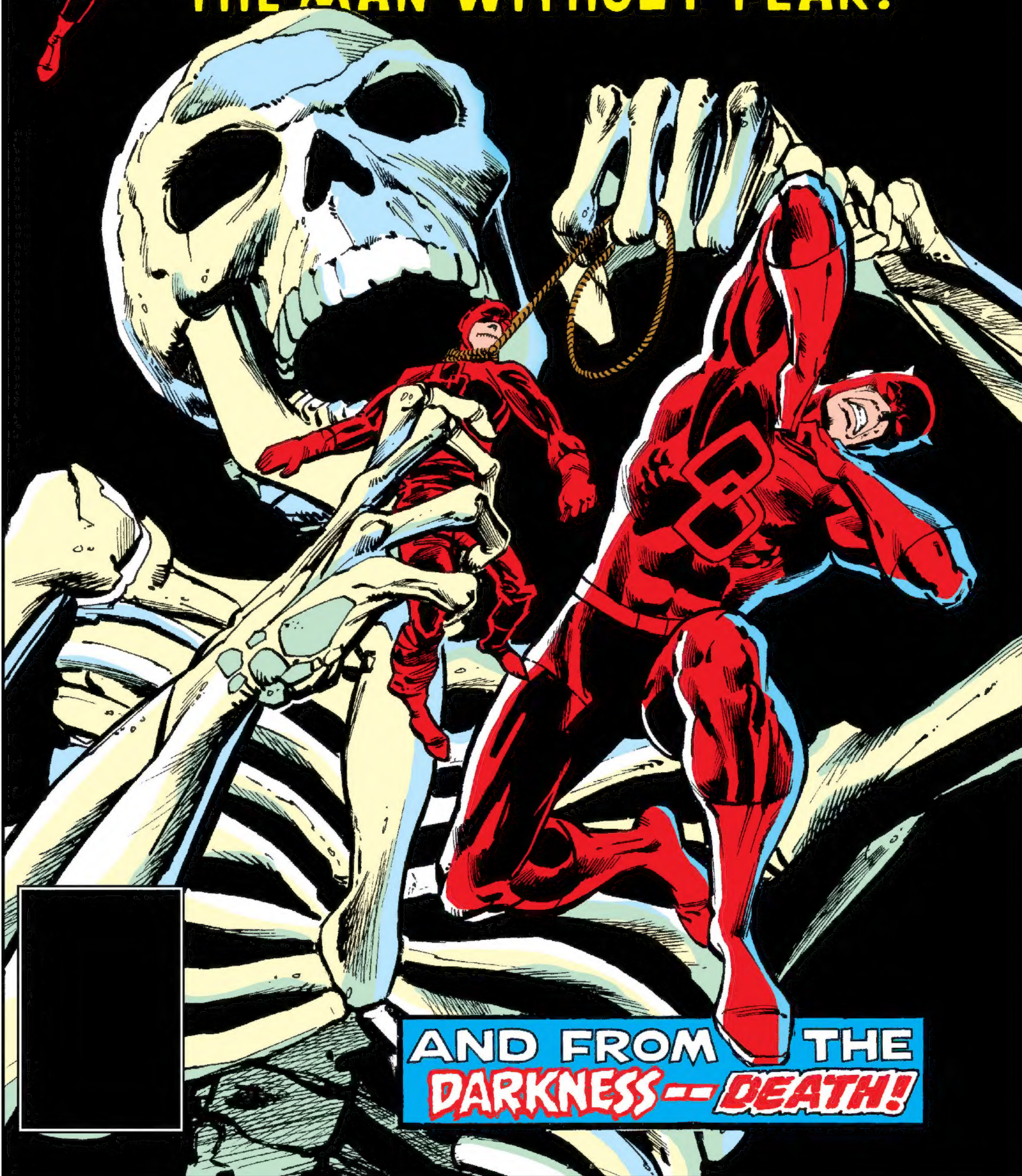
©

130  
FEB  
02459



# DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



AND FROM THE  
**DARKNESS -- DEATH!**



He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney **MATT MURDOCK** is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

**Stan Lee**  
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

**MARY WOLFGAN** / **BOB BROWN & KLAUS JANSON** / **MICHELE WOLFGAN** / **JOHN COSTANZA**  
WRITER / EDITOR ARTISTS COLORIST LETTERER

**NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1975.**

THE CITY'S LOUSY, ED. Y'KNOW THAT? HEY, WATCHA **LOOKIN' AT?**

SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY **BURIED** UNDER HERE, FRANK.

HEY, FRANK-- WE GOT **COMPANY-- LOOK!**

GREAT! FIRST WE FIND A CHICKEN HEAD BURIED IN THE MIDDLE OF CENTRAL PARK--

**BURIED?** I SHOULDA STAYED IN MILWAUKEE. DID YOU SAY **BURIED**, ED?

YEAH, AND TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT IT **IS!**

OH, MY ACHING FEET--

--IT'S A **CHICKEN HEAD!**

-- AND NOW SOME **CLOWN** DRESSED IN RED LONGJOHNS COMES SWINGING OVERHEAD!

YEAH, MA WAS **RIGHT!** I NEVER SHOULDA COME TO NEW YORK. **NEVER!**

**LOOK OUT, DD-- HERE COMES THE DEATH-MAN!**

INTERESTED, PILGRIMS? THEN, SHAKE A LEG AND **READ ON--**

JUL 127





CAN'T BE  
**LATE**-- NOT  
FOR THE GRAND  
OPENING OF  
MY NEW **JOB!**

HEATHER AND I WORKED  
**TOO HARD** TO SET UP  
FOR THIS MORNING...

...AND I'M NOT  
ABOUT TO  
**DISAPPOINT**  
THAT CUTE LITTLE  
LADY FOR ALL  
THE **CRIME-**  
**PATROLS** IN  
THE WORLD!

MY **ONLY** HOPE  
IS THAT NO ONE'S  
TAKING A PEEK OUT  
THEIR SECOND-STORY  
WINDOW RIGHT ABOUT  
NOW--

'CAUSE,  
THIS IS  
**GOODBYE**  
64TH STREET--

--I'D HATE TO  
BE THE FIRST  
SWINGING SUPER-  
HERO TO BE  
**ARRESTED** FOR  
**INDECENT**  
**EXPOSURE!**

NOT THAT  
I'M EXACTLY THE  
MOST **THRILLING** SIGHT  
IN THE WORLD TO WAKE  
UP TO ANYWAY!

HOME SWEET  
HOME-- AND NOT  
A **SECOND**  
TO SPARE.





--AND HELLO LOWER EAST SIDE.

IT'S ABOUT TIME, MATTHEW WE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO BE LATE FOR YOUR OWN OPENING!

WHAT KEPT YOU, HAND-SOME?

SORRY, GANG --HAD A FEW LAST MINUTE DETAILS TO TAKE CARE OF.

BUT, I'M HERE IN THE FLESH...

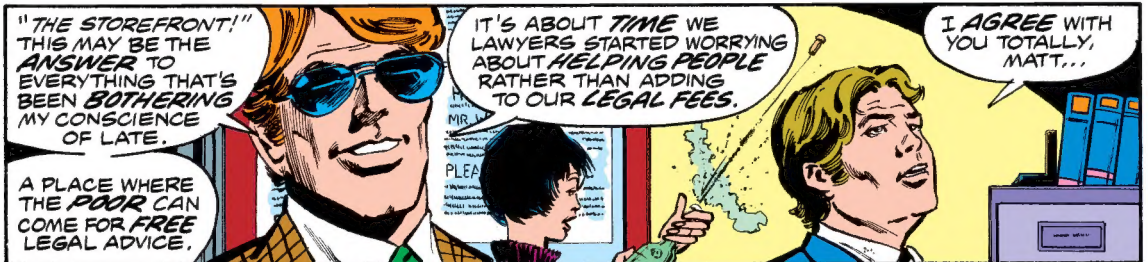
...OR, AT LEAST, I ALMOST WAS!



HEY, I'M REALLY GLAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANY **HARD FEELINGS** ABOUT THAT MAN-BULL TRIAL, MATT.

NO WAY, PARTNER, WE TWO **STERLING EXAMPLES** FOR THE **YOUTH OF TODAY** WERE ONLY DOING OUR **JOB**.

NOW, PARDON ME WHILE I **CUT THE RIBBON!**

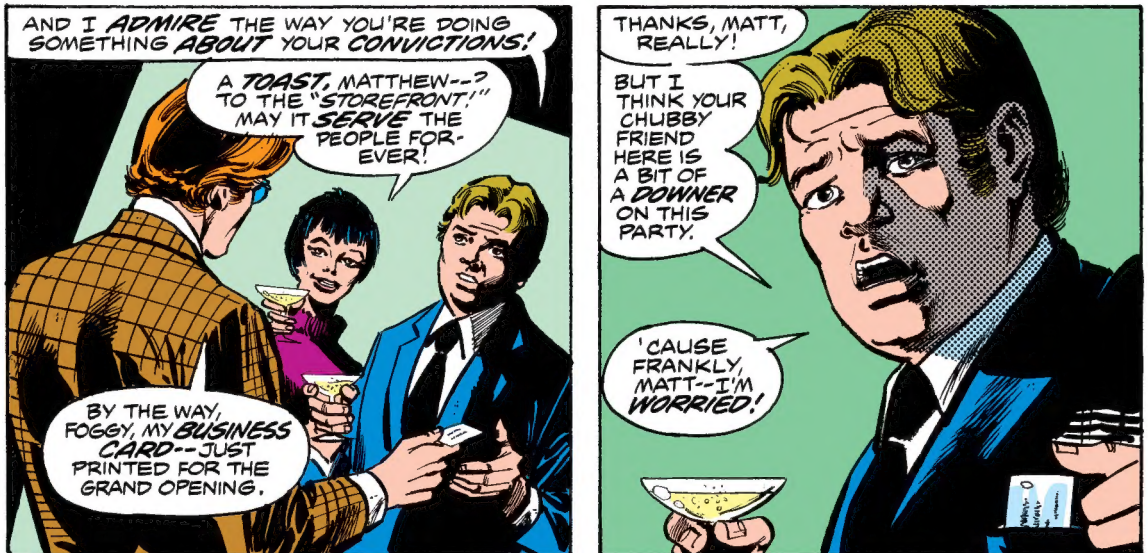


"THE STOREFRONT!" THIS MAY BE THE **ANSWER** TO EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN **BOTHERING** MY CONSCIENCE OF LATE.

A PLACE WHERE THE **POOR** CAN COME FOR **FREE** LEGAL ADVICE.

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE LAWYERS STARTED WORRYING ABOUT **HELPING PEOPLE** RATHER THAN ADDING TO OUR **LEGAL FEES**.

I AGREE WITH YOU TOTALLY, MATT...



AND I **ADMIRE** THE WAY YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING **ABOUT YOUR CONVICTIONS!**

A **TOAST**, MATTHEW--? TO THE "STOREFRONT!" MAY IT **SERVE** THE PEOPLE FOR-EVER!

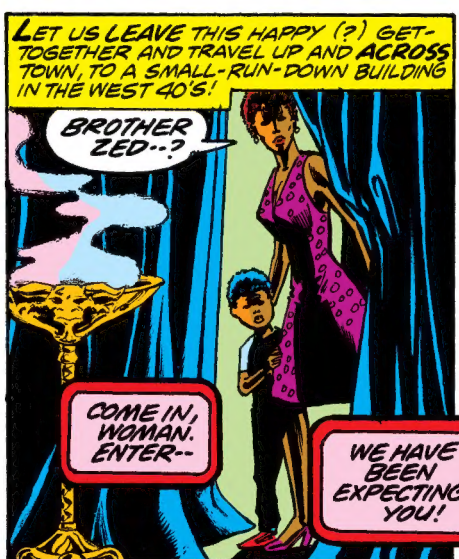
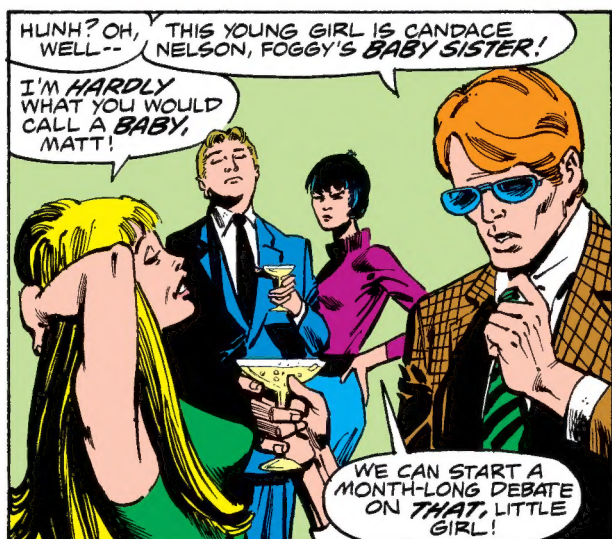
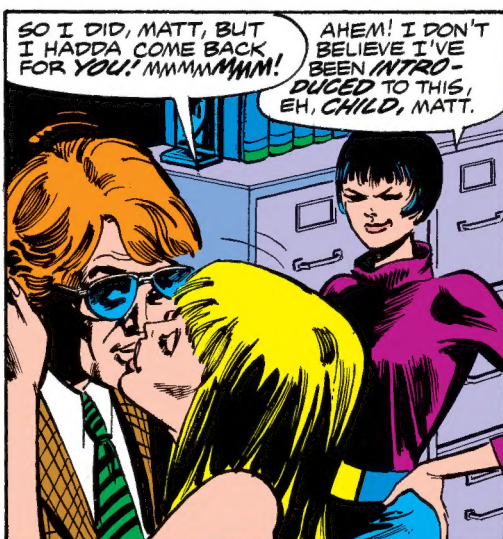
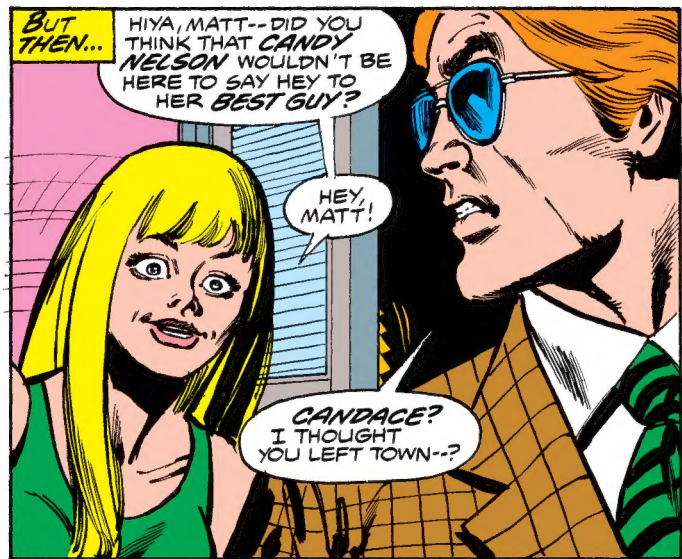
BY THE WAY, FOGGY, MY **BUSINESS CARD**--JUST PRINTED FOR THE GRAND OPENING.

THANKS, MATT, REALLY!

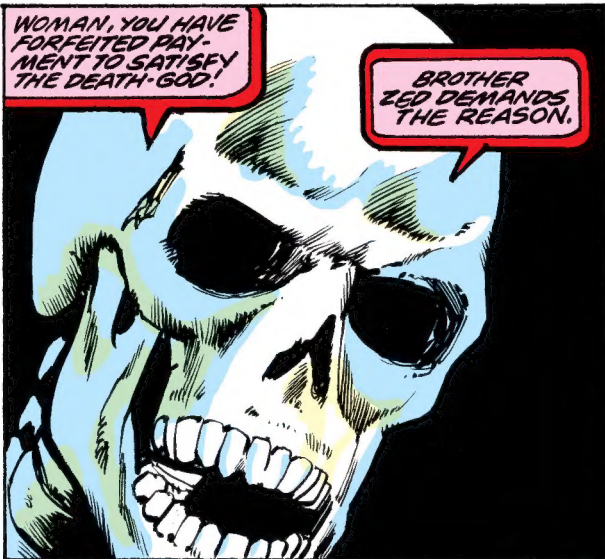
BUT I THINK YOUR CHUBBY FRIEND HERE IS A BIT OF A **DOWNER** ON THIS PARTY.

'CAUSE FRANKLY, MATT--I'M **WORRIED!**









WOMAN, YOU HAVE FORFEITED PAYMENT TO SATISFY THE DEATH-GOD!

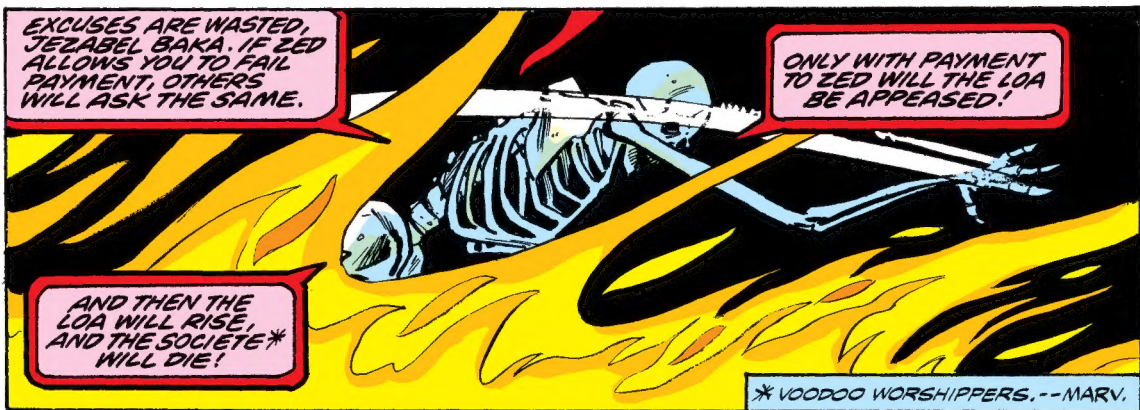
BROTHER ZED DEMANDS THE REASON.



I TRIED, BROTHER ZED-- BUT WE DON'T HAVE NO MONEY.

NOT SINCE MY JEBBEDIAH DIED!

I CANNOT GIVE WHAT I DO NOT HAVE!

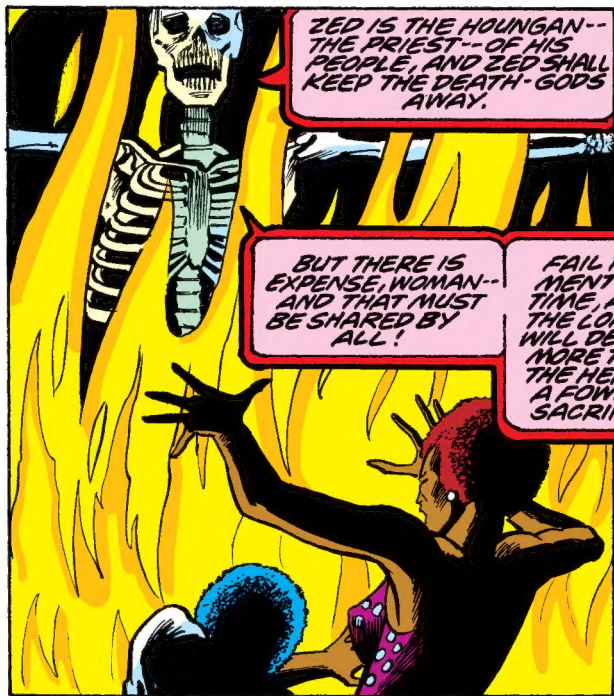


EXCUSES ARE WASTED, JEZABEL BAKA. IF ZED ALLOWS YOU TO FAIL PAYMENT, OTHERS WILL ASK THE SAME.

ONLY WITH PAYMENT TO ZED WILL THE LOA BE APPEASED!

AND THEN THE LOA WILL RISE, AND THE SOCIETE\* WILL DIE!

\*VOODOO WORSHIPPERS,--MARV.



ZED IS THE HOUGAN-- THE PRIEST-- OF HIS PEOPLE, AND ZED SHALL KEEP THE DEATH-GODS AWAY.

BUT THERE IS EXPENSE, WOMAN-- AND THAT MUST BE SHARED BY ALL!

FAIL PAYMENT THIS TIME, AND THE LOAS WILL DEMAND MORE THAN THE HEAD OF A FOWL IN SACRIFICE.



THEY WILL DEMAND A HUMAN!

THEY WILL DEMAND THE FLESH OF THY FLESH!



"IS THE SKELETON-MAN GONNA HURT ME, MOMMA?" YOUNG SIMI ASKS HIS FRIGHTENED MOTHER. JEZABEL BAKA HAS NO ANSWER, BUT THE NERVOUS CHURNING IN HER STOMACH TELLS HER TO RUN... TO HIDE... NEVER TO RETURN.

THE YOUNG LAD SLIPS, AND TO HIS MOTHER THIS IS CERTAINLY A MOCKING GESTURE FROM THE DEATH-GOD.

THEY FLEE THE SMALL 46TH STREET TENEMENT PARTLY FROM FEAR, PARTLY BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT ELSE THEY CAN DO, BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE JEZABEL BAKA HAD LEARNED LONG AGO THAT YOU MUST NOT OFFEND THE LOA.

SHE DRAWS THE BOY TIGHTLY TO HER BREAST; SHE WILL HOLD ON TO THE CHILD, AND WHEN THE LOA COMES, THEY WILL HAVE TO TAKE HER FIRST.

SHE BEGS THE OTHERS-- THE OLD FRIENDS HER HUSBAND HAD MADE-- FOR HELP, BUT ONCE THEY HEAR THE NAME OF BROTHER ZED, THEY BACK OFF-- REFUSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THIS FRIGHTENED WOMAN.

"WE DO NOT KNOW YOU, ANYMORE, JEZABEL BAKA," THEY SAY, LOOKING NERVOUSLY OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. "LEAVE US ALONE AND IN PEACE."

SHE THEN TURNS TO FEAR-- FOR THERE IS NOTHING ELSE SHE MAY TURN TO.

**NOVEMBER 4:** THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THEIR CITY-NEIGHBOR'S PLIGHT, TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, DAREDEVIL-- ALSO KNOWN AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

SOMEHOW I'M SURE "THE STOREFRONT" IS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS. WE'VE ALREADY HAD THREE POTENTIAL CLIENTS...

... ALL OF THEM NEEDY, AND ALL OF THEM WITH A REAL PROBLEM.

THERE'S A NEED FOR SOMEONE LIKE MATT MURDOCK WORKING TO HELP THOSE IN NEED.

AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN ME WHICH DEMANDS I DO IT.

MAYBE IT'S TIME THAT DAREDEVIL WASN'T THE ONLY HERO IN THE MURDOCK FAMILY...

... BECAUSE I'VE JUST GIVEN MYSELF THE CHANCE TO MAKE MATT A GREATER HERO THAN DD'S EVER BEEN.



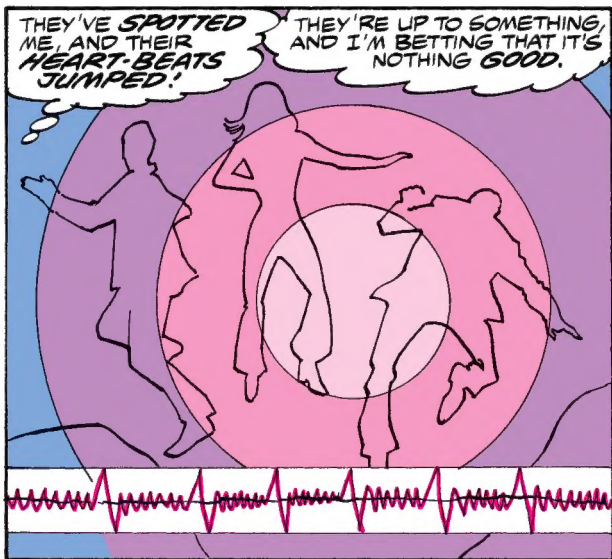




WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THAT YOU NEEDN'T BE *SUPER* TO BE A HERO--

HOLD ON--  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
DOING DOWN  
THERE--

SEVERAL  
VOICES--VERY  
EXCITED.



THEY'VE *SPOTTED*  
ME, AND THEIR  
HEART-BEATS  
JUMPED!

THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING,  
AND I'M BETTING THAT IT'S  
NOTHING GOOD.

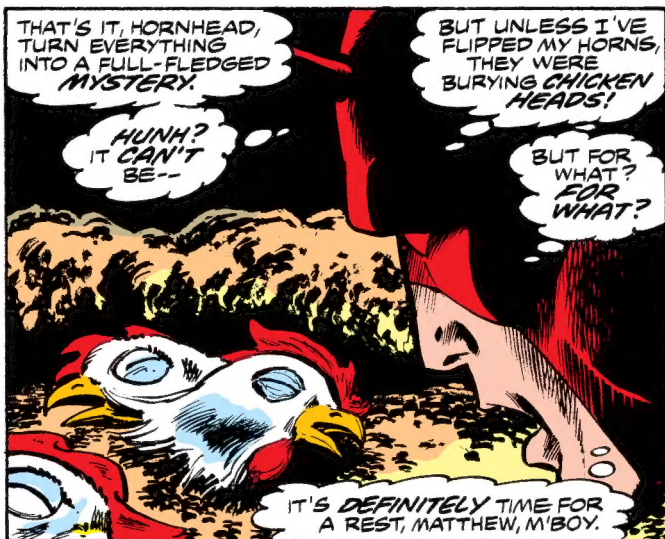


THEY'VE *FLED*--AND  
IN TOO MANY  
DIRECTIONS  
FOR ME TO  
FOLLOW.

BUT I'M  
STILL  
INTERESTED  
IN WHAT  
THEY WERE  
DOING  
HERE.

THEY'VE  
DISPLACED  
DIRT--  
EITHER  
DIGGING  
UP SOME-  
THING--

--OR  
BURYING  
IT!



THAT'S IT, HORNHEAD,  
TURN EVERYTHING  
INTO A FULL-FLEDGED  
MYSTERY.

HUNH?  
IT CAN'T  
BE--

BUT UNLESS I'VE  
FLIPPED MY HORNS,  
THEY WERE  
BURYING CHICKEN  
HEADS!

BUT FOR  
WHAT?  
FOR  
WHAT?

IT'S DEFINITELY TIME FOR  
A REST, MATTHEW, M'BOY.

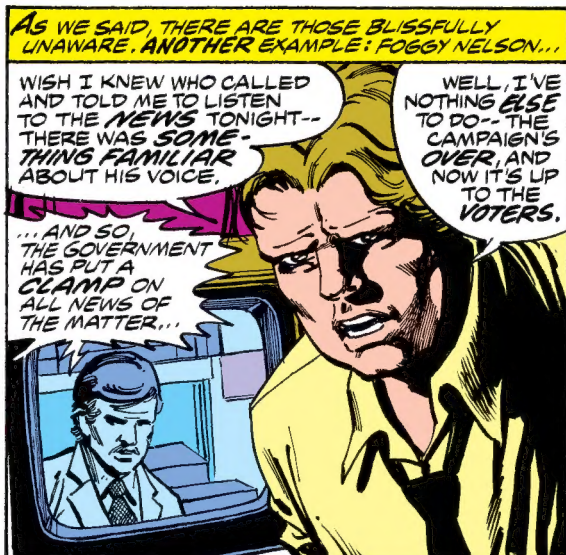


WHEN BURIED BONES START  
YOUR INTUITION TINGLING,  
YOU'VE DEFINITELY  
BEEN WORKING TOO  
HARD AND TOO LONG!

AND, SINCE  
THERE'S NO CRIME  
IN BURYING CHICKEN  
HEADS EXCEPT  
LITTERING...

...I DON'T REALLY  
THINK I'M  
NEEDED HERE!

GOODBYE, PARK,  
AND HELLO DREAM-  
LAND. HERE I  
COME!



AS WE SAID, THERE ARE THOSE BLISSFULLY  
UNAWARE. ANOTHER EXAMPLE: FOGGY NELSON...

WISH I KNEW WHO CALLED  
AND TOLD ME TO LISTEN  
TO THE NEWS TONIGHT--  
THERE WAS *SOME-*  
THING FAMILIAR  
ABOUT HIS VOICE.

WELL, I'VE  
NOTHING ELSE  
TO DO-- THE  
CAMPAIGN'S  
OVER, AND  
NOW IT'S UP  
TO THE  
VOTERS.

...AND SO,  
THE GOVERNMENT  
HAS PUT A  
CLAMP ON  
ALL NEWS OF  
THE MATTER...



ALL THAT IS NOW KNOWN IS THAT THERE IS SUDDEN AND SHOCKING PROOF THAT JOHN AND ROBERT KENNEDY ARE ALIVE, AND THAT THERE IS A NEW RUMOR THAT A PAST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...

...WAS KIDNAPPED SOMETIME IN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS AND RE-PLACED WITH AN UNDETECTABLE TWIN.



CONGRESS IS UP IN ARMS, DEMANDING EXPLANATIONS, AND, FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, THE WHITE HOUSE HAS REFUSED COMMENT.

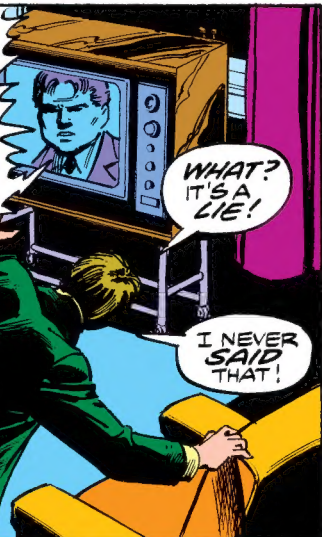
HOW LONG THEY CAN CONTINUE THIS SILENCE IS NOT KNOWN... ...FOR, A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE IS BEING FORMED TO LAUNCH AN INVESTIGATION.

AND NOW, ANOTHER STARTLING NEWS ITEM, LIVE FROM THE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON.



"LIVE"?! BUT I'M HERE-- AT HOME!

FELLOW CITIZENS, AS MUCH AS THIS PAINS ME TO SAY, I AM FORCED TO ADMIT THAT I CONSIDER MYSELF UNWORTHY OF BEING RE-ELECTED. PLEASE BEAR WITH ME AS I GIVE MY EXPLANATIONS.



WHAT? IT'S A LIE!

I NEVER SAID THAT!



BRADY? IS THAT YOU?

WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?

STOP THAT PRESS CONFERENCE! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT-- JUST STOP IT!!

BLAST IT, BRADY-- I AM NELSON-- NOT THAT PHONY!

TWIN MYSTERIES, BUT EVEN IN TIMES OF EARTH-SHATTERING NEWS, "NORMAL" LIFE MUST CONTINUE...

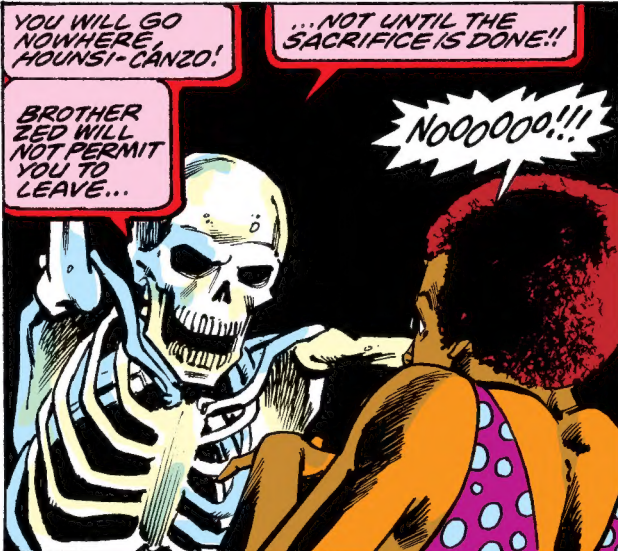


SIMI, WE MUST HURRY FROM THIS CITY...

...BEFORE BROTHER ZED KNOWS WE ARE GONE.

WE WILL BEGIN AGAIN ELSEWHERE.

WITHOUT JEBBEDIAH, I HAVE NO REASON TO STAY HERE.



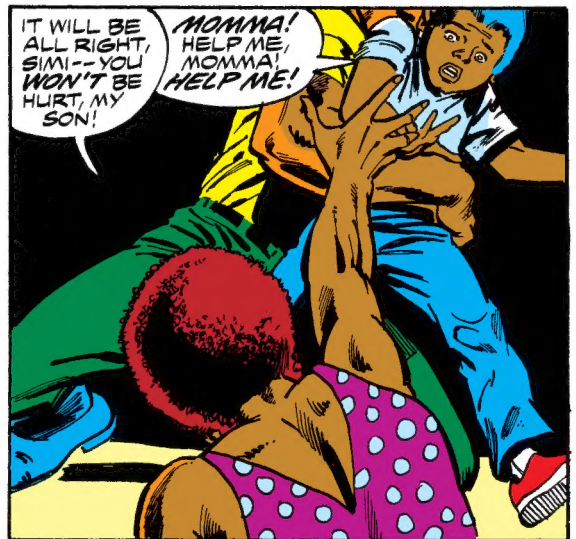
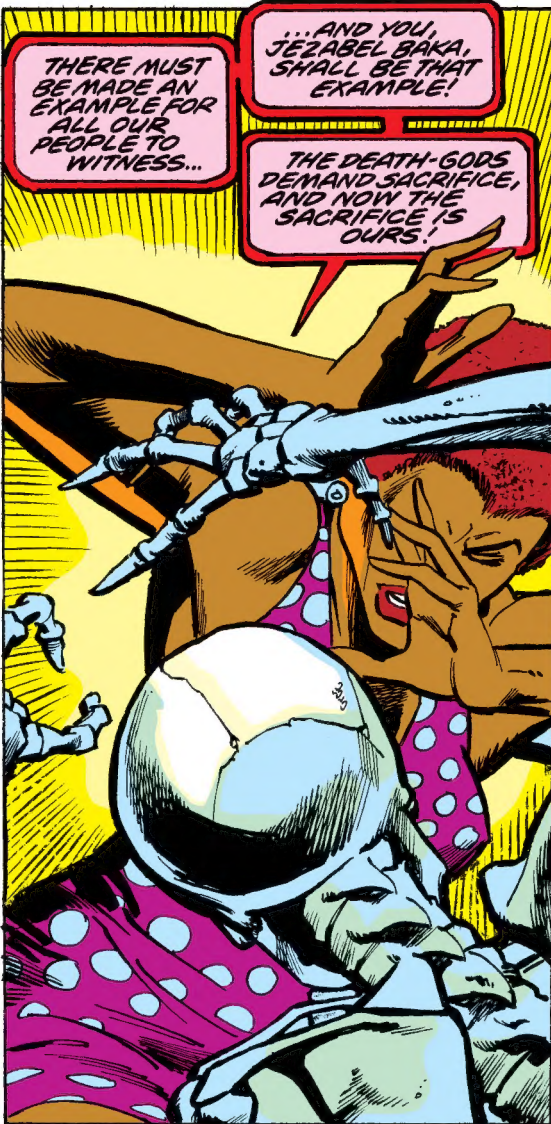
YOU WILL GO NOWHERE, HOUNSI-CANZO!

...NOT UNTIL THE SACRIFICE IS DONE!!

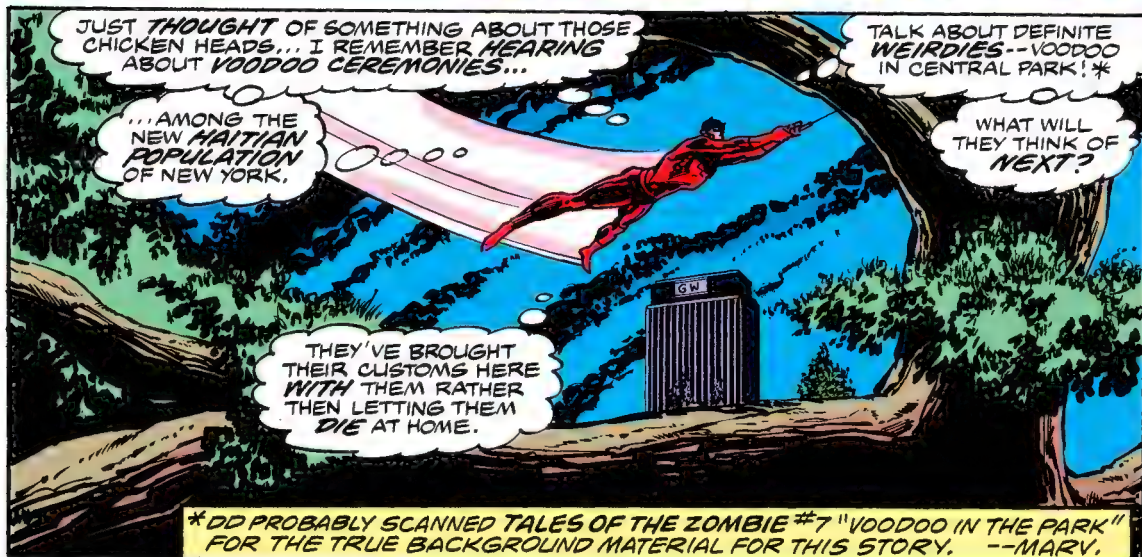
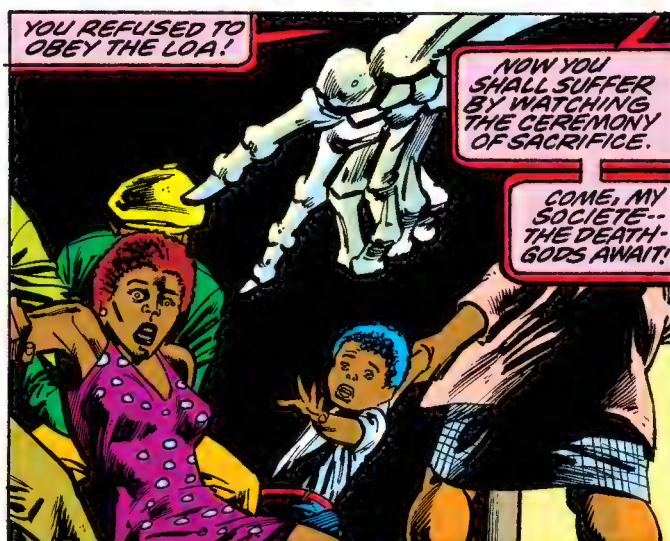
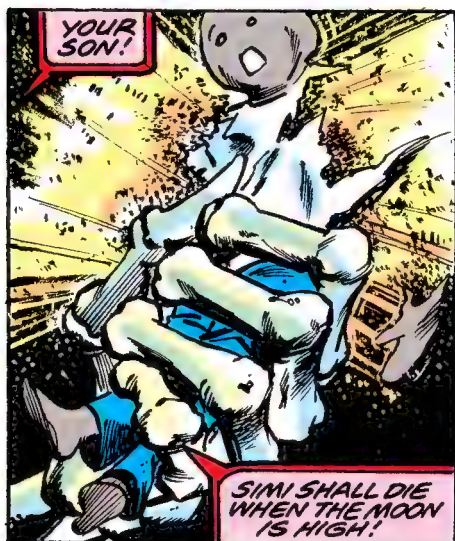
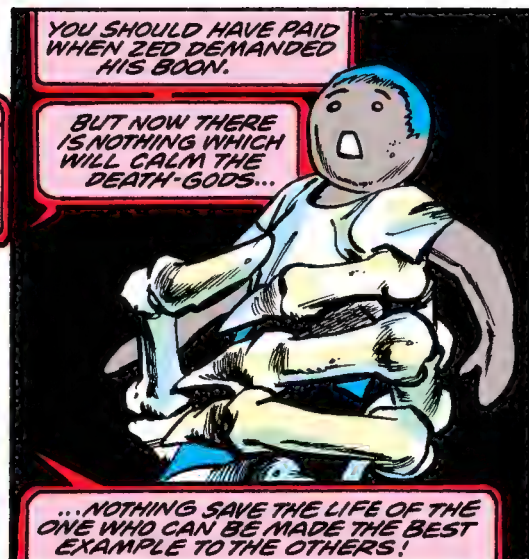
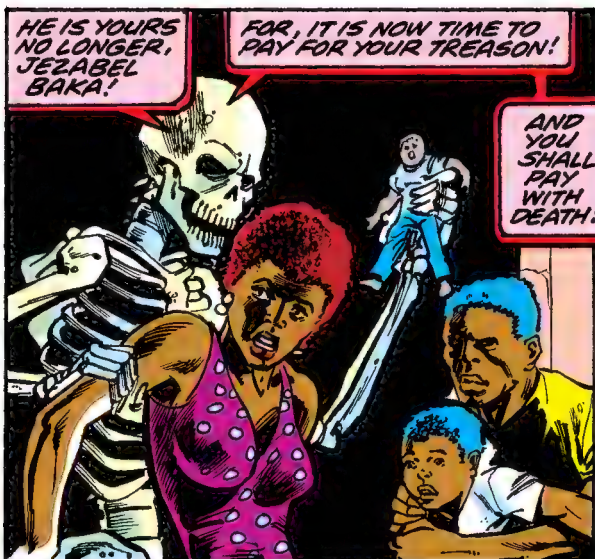
BROTHER ZED WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO LEAVE...

NOOOOOO!!!



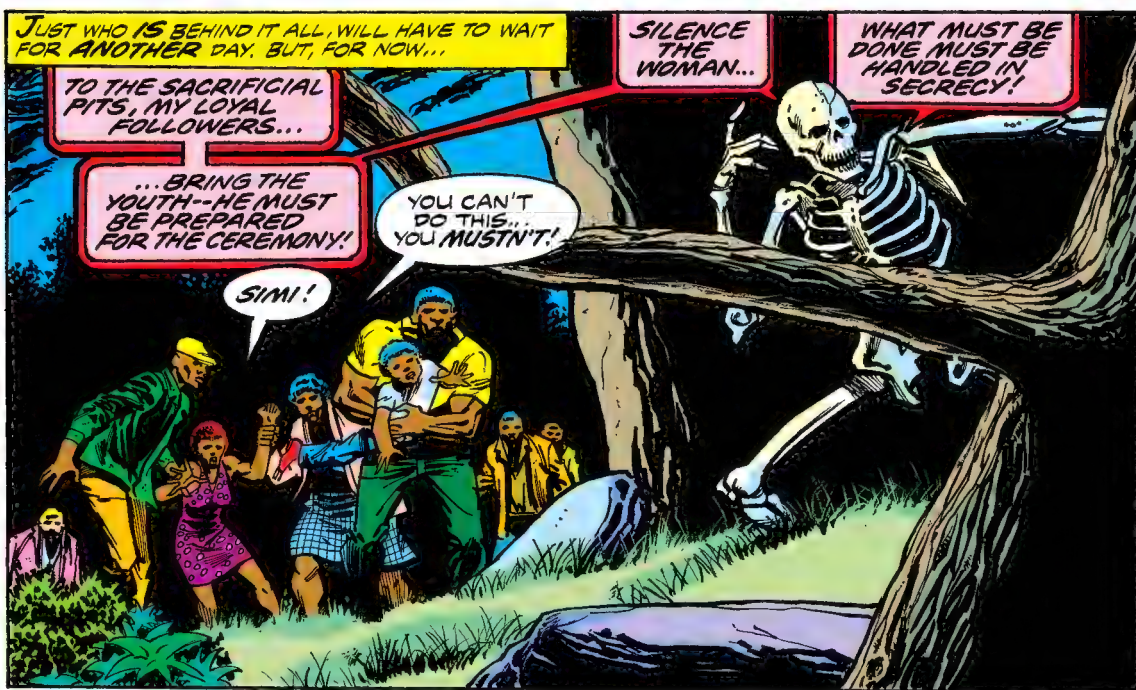
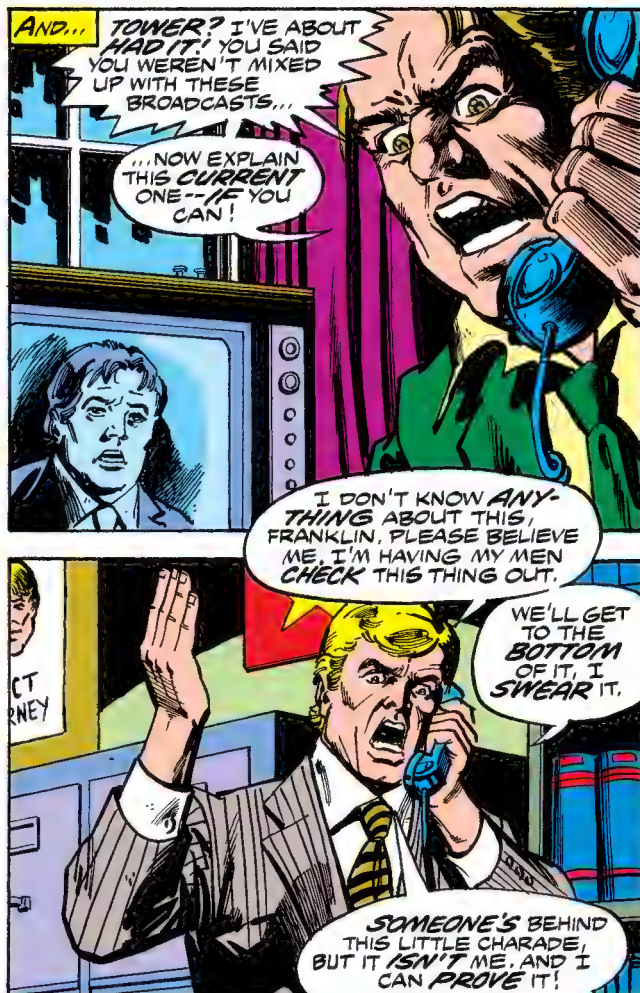






\*DD PROBABLY SCANNED TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #7 "VOODOO IN THE PARK" FOR THE TRUE BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR THIS STORY. --MARV.





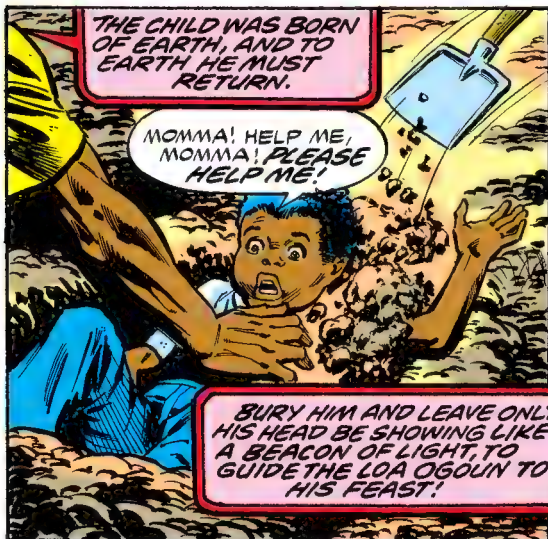


THE CHILD IS A SYMBOL OF LIFE, AND A LIFE MUST BE ENDED AND GIVEN WITH OUR LOVE TO THE DEATH-GOD.



HE MUST DIE BECAUSE OF OUR LOVE FOR HIM, AND WE MUST PRAY THAT OUR LOVE IS SHARED BY THE LOA!

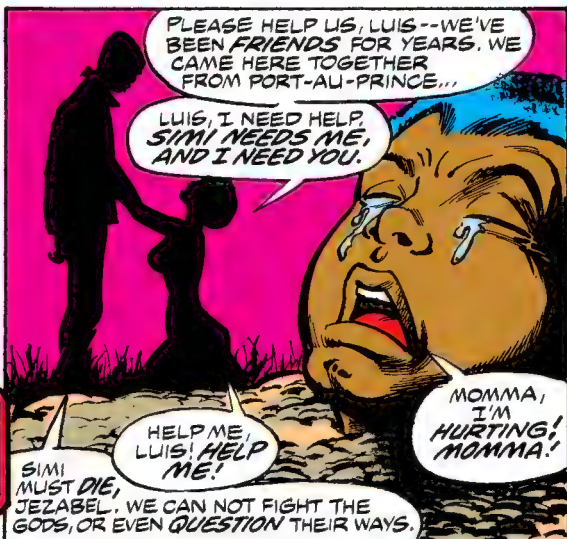
PREPARE THE HOLE, AND BE AWARE THAT YOUR CHILDREN WILL PERISH THIS WAY SHOULD YOU REFUSE TO PAY FOR PROTECTION FROM THE LOA!



THE CHILD WAS BORN OF EARTH, AND TO EARTH HE MUST RETURN.

MOMMA! HELP ME, MOMMA! PLEASE HELP ME!

BURY HIM AND LEAVE ONLY HIS HEAD BE SHOWING LIKE A BEACON OF LIGHT, TO GUIDE THE LOA OGOUN TO HIS FEAST!



PLEASE HELP US, LUIS--WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS. WE CAME HERE TOGETHER FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE...

LUIS, I NEED HELP. SIMI NEEDS ME, AND I NEED YOU.

HELP ME, LUIS! HELP ME!

MOMMA, I'M HURTING! MOMMA!

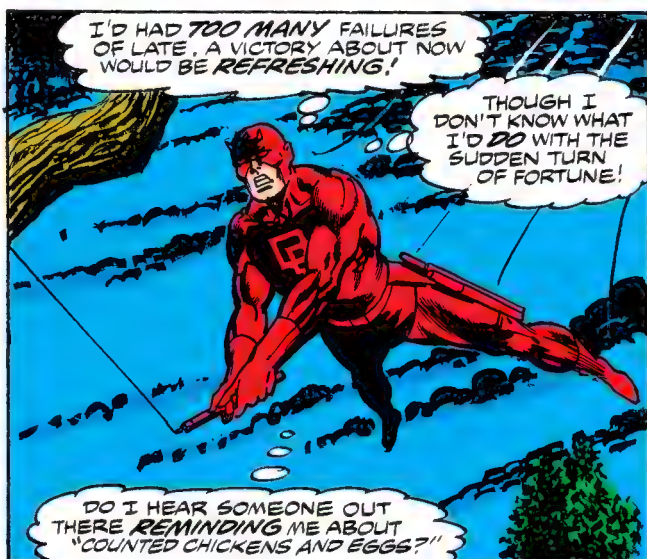
SIMI MUST DIE, JEZABEL. WE CAN NOT FIGHT THE GODS, OR EVEN QUESTION THEIR WAYS.



WHAT'S THAT--? A CHILD'S VOICE--SCREAMING FOR HELP!

I HEAR OTHERS AROUND HIM, BUT NO ONE'S HELPING.

OKAY, HORNHEAD-- IF THIS CALL'S FOR REAL, YOU'D BETTER NOT BLOW IT!



I'D HAD TOO MANY FAILURES OF LATE. A VICTORY ABOUT NOW WOULD BE REFRESHING!

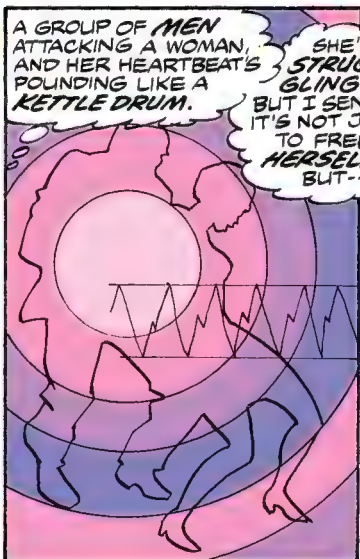
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITH THE SUDDEN TURN OF FORTUNE!

DO I HEAR SOMEONE OUT THERE REMINDING ME ABOUT "COUNTED CHICKENS AND EGGS?"





YEP, THERE DEFINITELY IS SOMETHING BREWING DOWN THERE, AND JUDGING FROM THE ANGRY VOICES, IT'S NOT FOR THE GOOD!



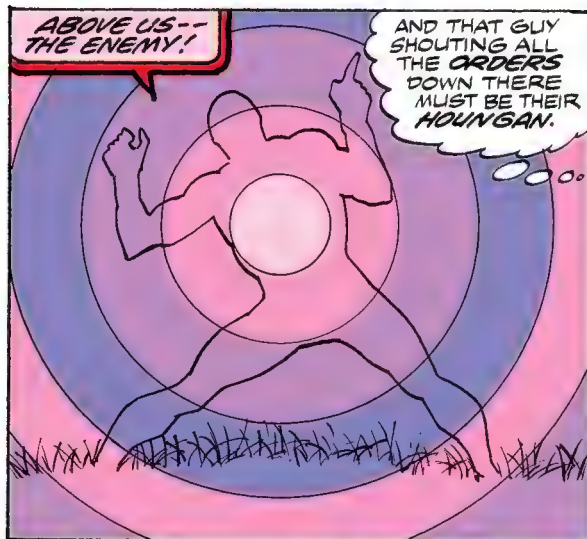
A GROUP OF MEN ATTACKING A WOMAN, AND HER HEARTBEAT'S POUNDING LIKE A KETTLE DRUM.

SHE'S STRUGGLING, BUT I SENSE IT'S NOT JUST TO FREE HERSELF, BUT--

OH GOOD LORD-- A KID-- BURIED IN THE GROUND.

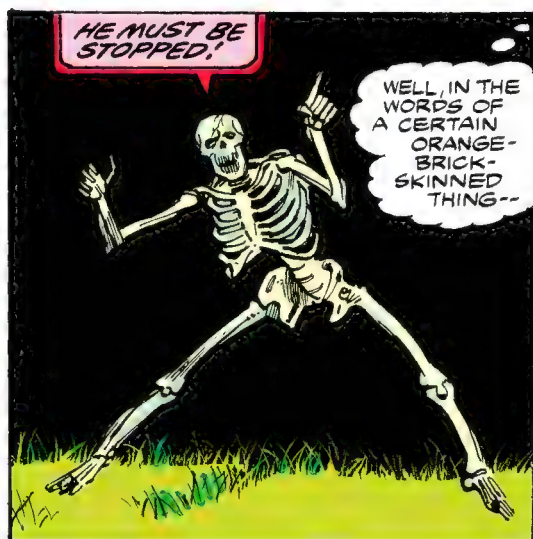
AND IF I'M READING THE WOMAN'S REACTION PROPERLY, HE MUST BE *HERS*.

YOU CALLED IT, HORNHEAD--YOU'VE FALLEN INTO THE MIDDLE OF A TRUE-BLUE VOOODOO CEREMONY.



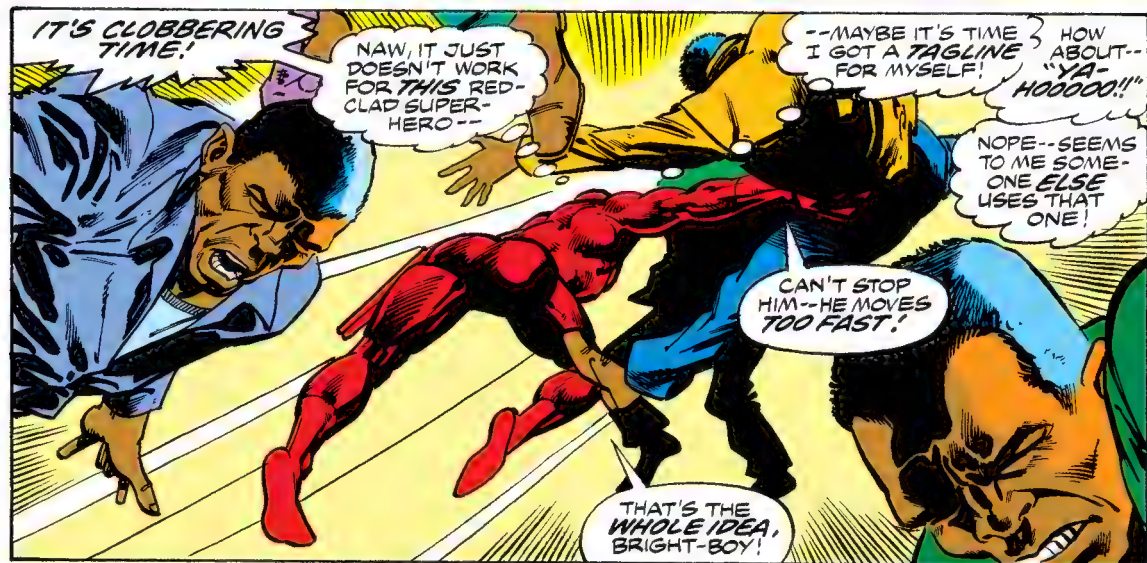
ABOVE US-- THE ENEMY!

AND THAT GUY SHOUTING ALL THE ORDERS DOWN THERE MUST BE THEIR HOUNGAN.



HE MUST BE STOPPED!

WELL, IN THE WORDS OF A CERTAIN ORANGE-BRICK-SKINNED THING--



IT'S CLOBBERING TIME!

NAW, IT JUST DOESN'T WORK FOR *THIS* RED-CLAD SUPER-HERO--

--MAYBE IT'S TIME I GOT A TAGLINE FOR MYSELF!

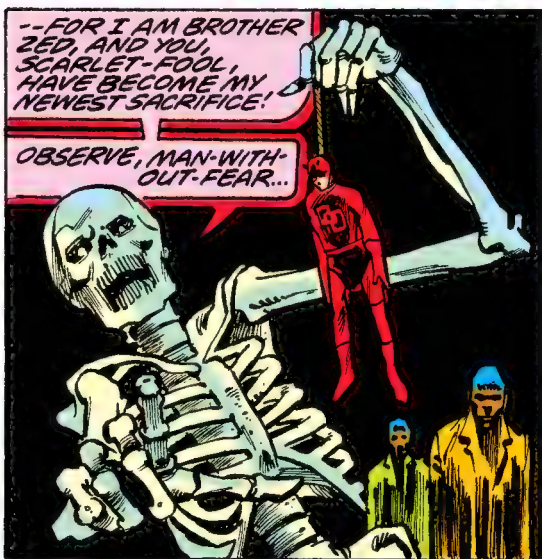
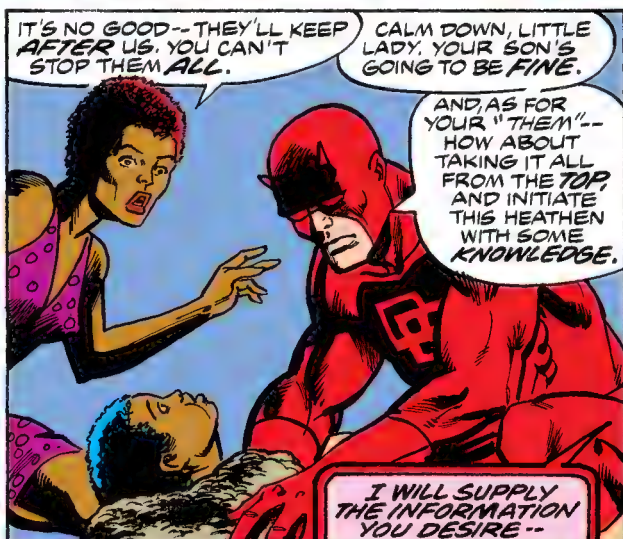
HOW ABOUT-- "YA-HOOOO!!"

NOPE--SEEMS TO ME SOME-ONE ELSE USES THAT ONE!

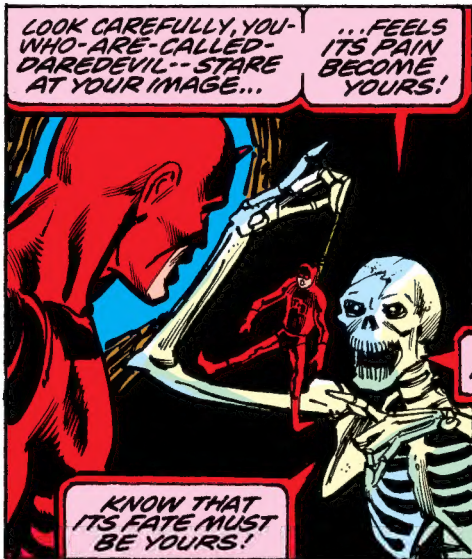
CAN'T STOP HIM--HE MOVES TOO FAST!

THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA, BRIGHT-BOY!









LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU-  
WHO-ARE-CALLED-  
DAREDEVIL--STARE  
AT YOUR IMAGE...

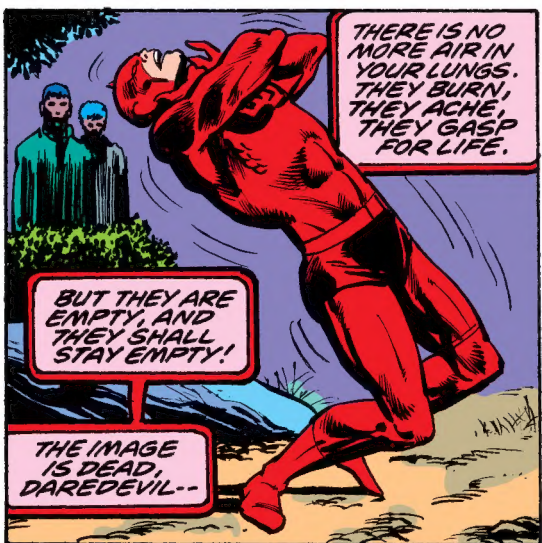
...FEELS  
ITS PAIN  
BECOME  
YOURS!

KNOW THAT  
ITS FATE MUST  
BE YOURS!

IT IS  
DYING...

...AND AS THE ROPE  
TIGHTENS ABOUT ITS  
NECK, SO SHALL YOU  
KNOW THAT IT TIGHTENS  
ABOUT YOUR OWN!

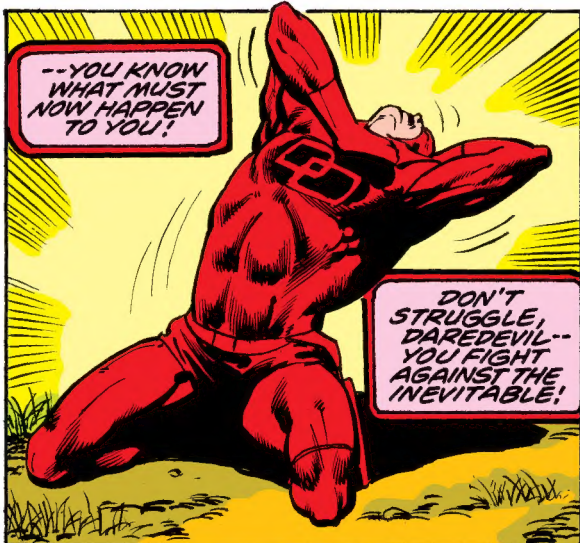
YOU ARE  
DYING,  
DAREDEVIL!



THERE IS NO  
MORE AIR IN  
YOUR LUNGS.  
THEY BURN,  
THEY ACHE,  
THEY GASP  
FOR LIFE.

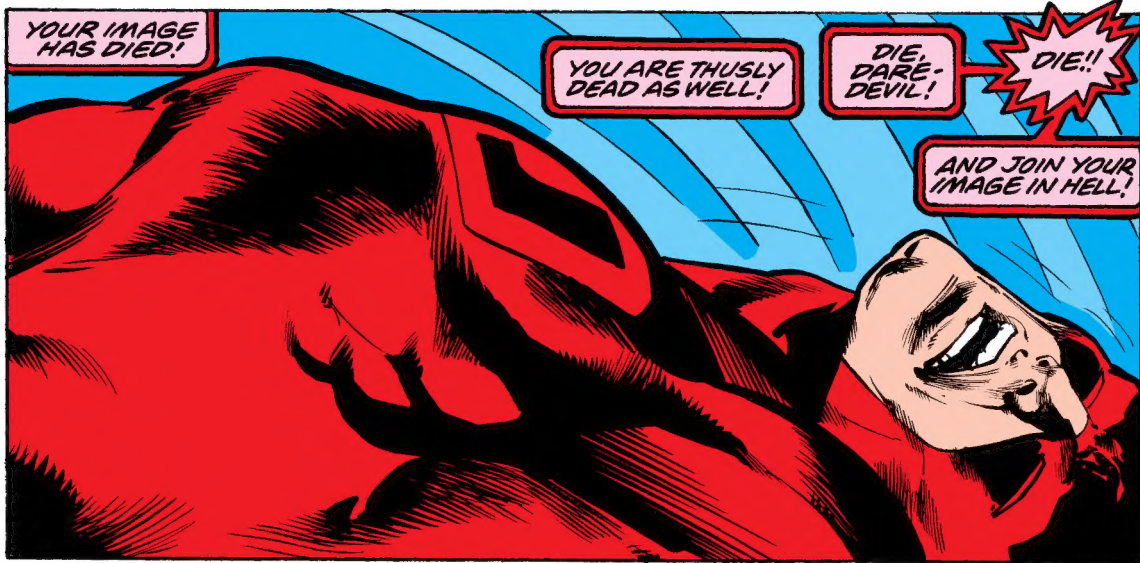
BUT THEY ARE  
EMPTY, AND  
THEY SHALL  
STAY EMPTY!

THE IMAGE  
IS DEAD,  
DAREDEVIL--



--YOU KNOW  
WHAT MUST  
NOW HAPPEN  
TO YOU!

DON'T  
STRUGGLE,  
DAREDEVIL--  
YOU FIGHT  
AGAINST THE  
INEVITABLE!



YOUR IMAGE  
HAS DIED!

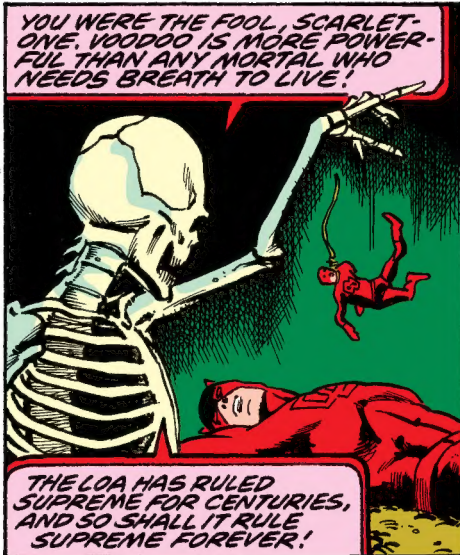
YOU ARE THUSLY  
DEAD AS WELL!

DIE,  
DARE-  
DEVIL!

DIE!!

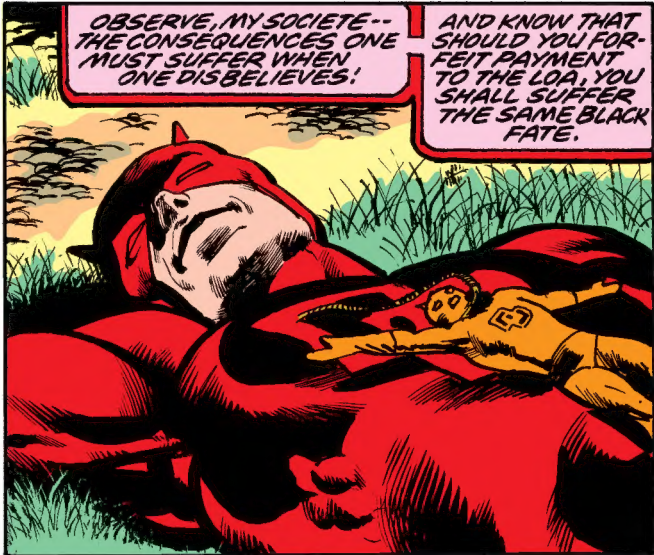
AND JOIN YOUR  
IMAGE IN HELL!





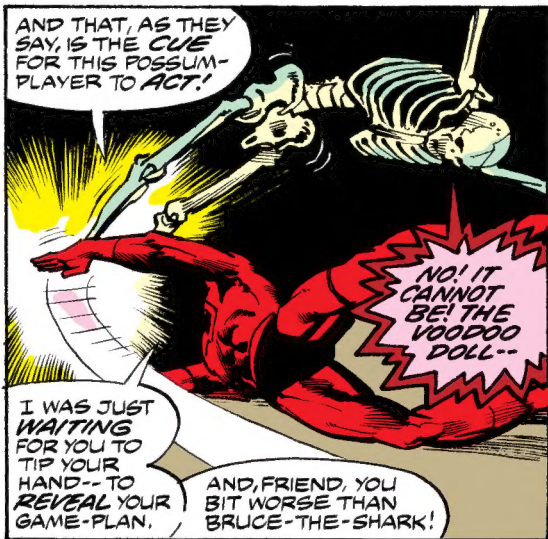
YOU WERE THE FOOL, SCARLET-ONE. VOODOO IS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY MORTAL WHO NEEDS BREATH TO LIVE!

THE LOA HAS RULED SUPREME FOR CENTURIES, AND SO SHALL IT RULE SUPREME FOREVER!



OBSERVE, MY SOCIETY-- THE CONSEQUENCES ONE MUST SUFFER WHEN ONE DISBELIEVES!

AND KNOW THAT SHOULD YOU FORFEIT PAYMENT TO THE LOA, YOU SHALL SUFFER THE SAME BLACK FATE.

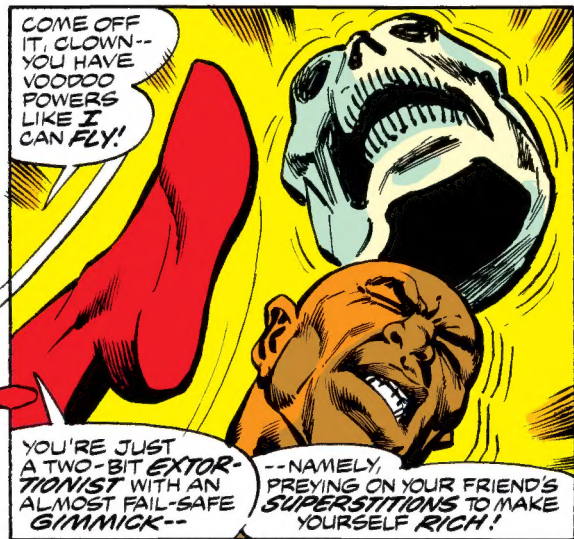


AND THAT, AS THEY SAY, IS THE CUE FOR THIS FOSSUM-PLAYER TO ACT!

NO! IT CANNOT BE! THE VOODOO DOLL--

I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO TIP YOUR HAND-- TO REVEAL YOUR GAME-PLAN.

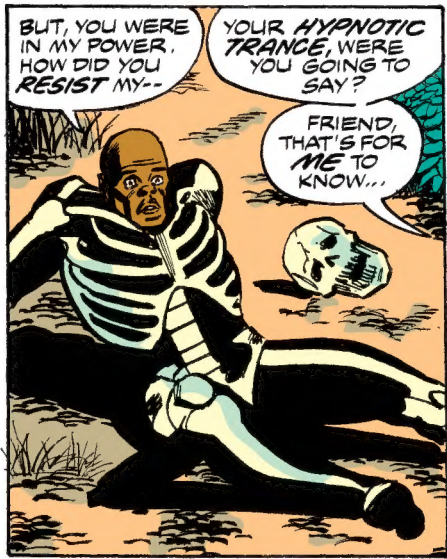
AND, FRIEND, YOU BIT WORSE THAN BRUCE-THE-SHARK!



COME OFF IT, CLOWN-- YOU HAVE VOODOO POWERS LIKE I CAN FLY!

YOU'RE JUST A TWO-BIT EXTORTIONIST WITH AN ALMOST FAIL-SAFE GIMMICK--

--NAMESLY, PREYING ON YOUR FRIEND'S SUPERSTITIONS TO MAKE YOURSELF RICH!



BUT, YOU WERE IN MY POWER. HOW DID YOU RESIST MY--

YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE, WERE YOU GOING TO SAY?

FRIEND, THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW...



...AND FOR YOU TO PULL WHATEVER REMAINING HAIRS OUT OF YOUR HEAD TRYING TO GUESS.

SIMI--



